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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Applying the Budget Idea

Although the Federal budget bill was killed by the President's veto the theory of economy and efficient organization which it embodied is coming into its own at Washington. Congress has declared for it. It cannot be frostbitten for any length of time by apathy in the executive departments.

Congress has shown in a striking way its willingness to accept the new system. The House of Representatives made what was to many members a great personal sacrifice by voting to take control of appropriation measures away from seven of its leading committees—those on Agriculture, Foreign Affairs, Indian Affairs, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Post Office and Post Roads, and Rivers and Harbors. An enlarged Committee on Appropriations is to have jurisdiction over all the supply bills. Thus an error is repaired which encouraged extravagant expenditure by dispersing responsibility and inciting each one-bill committee to build up its own prestige and influence.

The Senate has imitated the House in simplifying committee machinery. The Knox resolution, adopted just before adjournment, reduces the Senate standing committees from seventy-five to thirty-three. This reduction amounts to a revolution in the attitude of the Senate toward its methods of doing business. Committee chairmanships were formerly regarded as perquisites, and an array of minor committees was maintained for the purpose of providing quarters, secretaries and messengers for junior majority Senators and senior minority Senators. Some of these bodies were purely ornamental, functioning in a state of suspended animation—such as those on corporations organized in the District of Columbia, on the disposition of useless papers in the executive departments, on Pacific railroads, on Revolutionary claims, to investigate trespassers upon Indian lands, on Indian depredations and on the University of the United States.

The ten committees to investigate expenditures in the departments are now to be consolidated into one committee. All the Indian committees are merged in the Committee on Indian Affairs. The committees on Enrolled Bills and on Engrossed Bills are combined. A considerable reduction of overhead expenses in the Senate is thus effected and much red tape is cut away. Probably the Senate will soon follow the House's good example of restoring control of all appropriation measures to the Committee on Appropriations.

Congress has accepted the budget idea in a generous spirit. It remains to be seen whether the heads of the departments and bureaus will continue to fight it by again inflating the annual estimates $1,500,000,000 beyond the real needs of the government.

Francis Hendricks

Francis Hendricks had figured for many years as one of New York's elder statesmen. His power in Onondaga County dated back to the retirement of the redoubtable James J. Belden. He was a leader of more persuasive methods than Belden and spread his influence through the state both by his sage counsel and his reasonableness and amiability. He was an organization man, but he had broader ideas and more adaptability than most of the Republican state politicians who had received their training under the Platt régime.

Mr. Hendricks was already a successful business man when he entered politics. He became Mayor of Syracuse in 1880, and served in the Assembly and Senate from 1884 to 1891. He had no hesitation in breaking with Platt when his own judgment inclined him to do so. He had a conspicuous part in electing William M. Evarts United States Senator in 1885, and also in electing Frank Hiscock, his fellow townsman, who won in 1889 as a compromise anti-Platt candidate. He is agreeably remembered in this city as Collector of the Port from 1891 to 1893. As State Commissioner of Insurance, appointed by Governor Roosevelt in 1900, he passed with credit through the stormy period of the Hughes insurance investigation.

Mr. Hendricks was a leader who inspired respect and friendship. His death breaks one more link between the politics of to-day and the politics of the fading Conkling-Arthur-Warner Miller-Platt era.

State Power and the Census

The census figures for this city indicate a check on the rapid growth of New York's representation in Congress and the Electoral College. In the decade between 1900 and 1910 the city's gain in population was 1,329,681—a percentage of 38.7. In the last ten years the increase was only 854,268—a percentage of 17.9. New York State gained 1,884,720 inhabitants between 1900 and 1910, its rate of increase being 21.1.

The ratio of representation in Congress was not enlarged in 1911 to keep pace with the country's growth. The consequence was that New York gained six additional seats in the House of Representatives. It had received three under the Federal reapportionment following the census of 1900 and none under the reapportionment following the census of 1890. It is not likely to gain six seats in the next apportionment, or even three, unless the rest of the country also shows a decided slackening in growth and the ratio of representation is again held down in order to avoid reducing the number of new seats allotted to any state.

The City of New York has at present twenty-three Representatives in Congress. The district quota is 211,877. If it is increased by 20,000—the average increase for several censuses past—460,000 of the gain will be absorbed. The city was also 105,000 short in 1910 of the complement for twenty-three seats. Deducting 565,000 from the gain of 854,268 leaves a balance of less than 300,000—enough for only one additional seat.

So far as the state is concerned there remains the chance that the upstate increase has been heavier in percentage in the last decade than it was in the preceding one. Perhaps the state rate will not fall much below the national rate. But it is evident New York will hardly duplicate in 1921 the phenomenal gain in representation which it made in 1911.

When Is a Play Gloomy?

Of all the great American fallacies none probably had quite so little fact to support it as the convention that all plays not intensely frivolous are gloomy and depressing and, vice versa, that the sure road to cheerfulness lies in attending a show denominated "funny." There is a plenty of tired business folk of both sexes who still express this view. But these are only the slow-but-sures, who always lag a decade behind the times. The intelligent view, fast becoming the fashionable view, is far nearer the truth.

The truth varies with each race, and producers who will make no allowance for national temperament—for the gaiety that a Russian can take and an American cannot take from unmitigated gloom, for instance—are destined to disappointment. There is no use trying to persuade American audiences to attend the Russian play of unmixed shadows. Ours is not a land of primitive cruelty and Oriental fatalism, and art which speaks only of these peculiarly Russian matters cannot speak to many Westerners. Touching such efforts of the American highbrow to be different, our sympathy lies wholly with the tired business lowbrow.

But between this gloom and the frivolities of music and bedroom and tea party stands a large field of art. Just how potent the products of this field have lately become it is amazing to reflect. In the past season Miss Zoë Akins furnished a tragic theme for one Barrymore. The author of "The Jest" and the author of "Richard III" yielded tragic themes for another Barrymore. Every one went, and was gloom the emotion installed in the audience? Not for a minute. So far from being depressing, the gore of "The Jest"—seen as it was in the gorgeous light of the Jones settings—was positively gay. The sheer beauty of Miss Barrymore made "Déclassée" a thing of joy, death or no death.

In plain fact, the conventional theory is just bosh. There is nothing so sad as a funny show that fails to come off, nothing so depressing. There is nothing so wearing and deadly as a perpetual diet of humor. The effect is that of the perpetual sunlight of Southern California, where one longs for cool shadows and dark days. The modern lighting of the stage offers a good parallel. Time was when the common effort was to illuminate every portion of the scene, fully and equally. Now shade is recognized as quite as essential as light; it is by contrast that the new artist of the stage gains his best effects.

It is by just this mingling of light and shade in the action of his characters that St. John Ervine triumphs. His "Jane Clegg" has a plenty of tragic moments. But it has equally its humor and its lift of spirits at the end when a common enough tragedy yields a fresh chance and a new deal to all hands. Such a play is poles apart from Russian gloom, real and poignant, as is its bit of life. The tiredest slave of a desk can get not only relaxation but a fresh start from such a show. We doubt if any other play of the season has bestirred as much talk, has set as many minds to turning.

Thus we come out at what we suspect is the solid truth of the whole controversy—that there is just one thing in the theater that is really gloomy, and that is being bored. And, goodness knows, neither tragedy nor comedy, nor even the bedroom farce, has any monopoly on this terriblest enemy of man, be he fresh or tired, or what you will.

"A Great Law"—And Its Test

Senator Lodge's praise of the Esch-Cummins railroad law was thoroughly deserved. He spoke of it as "a single great law which in any period would be sufficient to distinguish a Congress as one of high accomplishment."

The law has not had time yet to show results. And to show results it must be applied by the Interstate Commerce Commission in a helpful and intelligent spirit. But, as Senator Lodge pointed out, it "declares a national policy and, so far as any law can do it, establishes that policy as a rule of action." Congress has assumed virtual control of the railroads. It will regulate them primarily in the public interest. Such regulation implies a development of the transportation system which will insure uninterrupted service and enlarged facilities in transit and delivery. It ought to exclude tie-ups, embargoes, insufficient terminals and unproductive rates. To bring the carriers up to par in efficiency their credit must be restored and their earnings made sufficient to retain the private capital invested in them and to attract new capital.

The national policy announced in the Esch-Cummins act involves a fair and reasonable return on the value of property used in the operation of the roads. That is all the owners of railroad securities ask. Their capital is serving the public. It is entitled to a fair return—not the clipped return which the Interstate Commerce Commission has for years been inclined to allot it.

Congress cannot execute the act. Its execution rests with the commission, whose membership has now been filled out by three recess appointments. Congress has done its part. The reorganized commission is now on trial. It must show within the next six months what it is capable of doing in the way of a broad and liberal application of a law which at last clearly declares the government's railroad policy.

The Utopians

Always a small and interesting fragment of society, the Utopians have been especially vocal in the last few years of stress. Graciously accepting the tag of "intellectuals," they have conceded that they possessed the wisdom and virtue to tell the rest of the world how to behave. The world has disappointed them again and again. But their faith in themselves, their theories and their panaceas has revived after each disaster.

What is the psychology behind this Utopian cast of mind? How is it that such thoroughly educated and well meaning souls (as *The New Republic* editors, for example) get wholly out of touch with reality and live in their world of ideals as if it were a practicable thing of to-morrow?

An interesting clew is given in a Columbia textbook on philosophy in discussing one particular type of the Utopian character. "Human Traits" is the name of this singularly clear and readable volume, and its author is Dr. Irwin Edman, to whom is largely due the latest collegiate method of initiating the freshman mind to philosophy by assembling in one preliminary course a general survey of human achievement.

Dr. Edman is contrasting the world of art with the world of action. He points to the significant fact that in the world of action, whether political or industrial, there are "incomparably greater hindrances to the realization of imagined goods than there are, at least to the gifted, in the fine arts." When a man tries to find fulfillment for an ideal in the world of action he is subject to "a thousand accidental deflections of circumstance." Social movements have their courses determined by factors beyond the control of their originators. "Statesmen can start wars, but cannot define their eventual fruits." The founder of a political party may live to see it wander far from the ideal which he has imagined for it. In the fine arts, on the contrary, action and intent can go hand in hand:

> "Language to the poet, for example, is an immediate and responsive instrument; he can mold it precisely to his ideal intention. The enterprise of poetry is less dependent almost than any other undertaking on the accidents of circumstance. . . . In music even so simple an instrument as a flute can yield perfection of sound. The composer of a symphony can invent a perpetual uncorroded beauty; the sculptor an immortality of irrefutably persuasive form. This explains in part why so many artists, of a reflective turn of mind, are pessimistic in practical affairs. The world of action, with its perpetual and pitiful frustrations, failures and compromises, seems incomparably poor and paltry and sordid in comparison with the perfection that is attainable in art."

Pessimist is not perhaps the complete description of this type of mind; for hope is the more constant phase, and despair interrupts only at intervals. The general type is common enough and by no means restricted to practitioners of the fine arts. Almost equally, we think, are the academic scientist and all students and observers of life whose turn of mind is toward generalization and theory prone to a similar idealism. The British philosopher Bertrand Russell, for example, seeks to apply to social affairs much the same outlook with which he pursues his path in higher mathematics—an ideal world of the imagination, if there ever was one. In general, the weakness (from the practical point of view) of the minds described by Dr. Edman holds good for all the sundry types of intellectuals whose main interest is in an ideal world of the imagination and whose experience with the frustrations of a life of action is limited and secondary.

The strength of such minds and their use to society are, of course, in their ideals. The world needs all the charts of Utopia that it can get whereby to plot its future. It is only when the idealist sets himself up as possessing a superior practical ability and an immediate remedy for all ills, that needs only to be swallowed to effect an instant cure, that he arouses opposition and bestirs scorn. The Utopians who stick to Utopia unquestionably accomplish more practical good, for their wisdom operates exactly where it can do the most good—upon the heart of man.

A Perfect Burleson Day

Demonstrating the Ingenuity of Our Revered Postoffice

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have noticed—just casually in passing—that The Tribune is disposed at times to be rather severe on poor Mr. Burleson. Now I am here to say that though the mails be late now and then (and usually) Mr. Burleson handles these delays with rare tact and adroitness. For instance:

My mother wrote to an old friend in Los Angeles a week ago, inviting her to come to lunch on Friday, bring her sewing, spend the day, and see the flowers and the ocean. She dated the letter just an ambiguous "Tuesday," making a special trip to the postoffice with it to make sure that it got off promptly.

My mother is some cook, believe me! And she spent all day Thursday and Friday morning preparing a delicious luncheon, getting out the company linen, picking the flowers and arranging them and planning the minutest detail—"a perfect day." So, naturally, she was tremendously disappointed and considerably hurt when noon came and went and no friend came or sent any word. It proved anything but a "perfect day" for her, though the rest of us enjoyed the delicacies for the next day or two.

But lo and behold, the following Wednesday her friend, some twelve long miles away, received the note, merely dated Tuesday, and, not noticing the date of the postmark but merely thinking how miraculously prompt Mr. Burleson was, arranged to accept the invitation. In due course she arrived Friday noon, entirely unexpected but none the less welcome. Of course, mother was temporarily mortified not to have one of her masterpieces ready, and her friend was temporarily embarrassed to find that she was just a week late, but I am sure that the "pot-luck" food was really just as good, the flowers just as beautiful, the ocean just as blue; these two old friends had a delightful visit, the contretemps added spice to the conversation, and it finally came to an end, after endless explanations and apologies on both sides—"a perfect day."

Now surely you must admit that Mr. Burleson arranged the affair with discrimination and cleverness. So give the poor devil his due, for all's well that ends well—Q. E. D. ad nauseam. A. B. GRAHAM.

Santa Monica, Calif., June 1, 1920.

Paper in the Park

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Is there nothing which can be done to remedy the deplorable condition which exists in Central Park from the scattering and throwing broadcast of waste paper? Around the playgrounds especially the lawns are unsightly and I have avoided this year walking through some former favorite portions of the park because of their present defacement. Even the Ramble, usually a safely secluded spot, has suffered.

While riding the other day along the Fifty-ninth Street end I was frequently obliged to pull up and walk my horse for some distance to avoid his shying at the news sheets and paper bags which disfigured the ground in every direction.

There are provided in convenient places an adequate number of waste-paper receptacles, and if the beauty of our park is still to be enjoyed by every one I think offenders who will not use them voluntarily should be made to do so by the police.

SYLVIA HOLT.

New York, June 4, 1920.

Reindeer Steak

(From The Toledo Blade)

Twelve years ago there were 1,200 reindeer in Alaska; now there are 200,000, and an Alaskan capitalist plans to ship 6,000 frozen reindeer carcasses to America this fall. The meat is said to be as good as beef and is expected to find a ready market. As only the surplus moles are picked for slaughter, the herds are growing rapidly, and within three or four years it is expected that the number will have grown to a million. Alaska is said to be capable of providing forage for unlimited numbers of reindeer, and the natives find the raising of the animals easy and profitable.

The Conning Tower

Watteau's "L'Embarquement pour la Cythère"

The never-fading sunlight lies
Upon these painted pilgrims who
Would seek, for greater ecstasies,
A land where skies are deeper blue.

As they prepare to put to sea
They seem to hasten not at all;
They're sad beneath their gayety,
And somewhat lackadaisical;

As if they know that all in vain
Will be their voyaging afar;
That happiness will only wane,
All unfulfilled, in Cythera.

We know—and envy them a bit—
That they shall never leave this frame,
But by the rose-wreathed Venus sit
And play at love an endless game.

C. W. W.

Why such things should interest this Abacus of Abstemiousness we have no notion. "We're drinking to you in Chablis Superieur, Benedictine, Vieille Cure, green and yellow Chartreuse, Cointreau, Grand Marnier, Stragga, anisette, and some other combustibles," write Zoë Beckley and Joseph Gollomb from Paris. "Vancouver, June 3," writes Sib, about to sail on the Empress of Russia. "Just saw 'em load on 100 cases of the best Scotch, and gosh! how I dread the trip!"

A Good Fellow When He Had It, Which Was Most of the Time

Sir: Horace was a good fellow, but don't you think it is a bit cruel to mention said bon vivant on a page containing editorials on prohibition and references to "Pussyfoot" Johnson? With Mæcenas (I am affected by the mere juxtaposition of the two names) to fight the H. C. L. and refill the w. k. wine jug, Horace enjoyed a plenty to which a modern poet may not even aspire.

And when you still press-agent the poems of that lucky dog, I find myself wishing that the tree of which he wrote so eloquently had really fallen on him. E. P. S.

The price of newsprint paper means little to Señor Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Mare Nostrum," "Blood and Sand," and other successes. It is obvious that the copyreaders and his translator are instructed to let his stuff ride. Yet in his concluding sentence he uses powers of condensation unusual in a Spaniard. "The political center of the world gravity," he says, "has moved. It is located now in Washington, the capital of the United States of America." . . . He might have said "Washington, District of Columbia."

"In a way," writes Señor Blasco, "the public reminded me of the multitudes who in my own country attend bull fights." With the accent off the fight, obviously.

Rifts and Second Loots

Sir: The army recruiting posters offer us adventure, travel, education, board, lodging, clothing, medical attention, and pay (all clear velvet). The insect in the salve is the utter and inexplicable absence of any mention of K. P., Reveille, Guard Duty, and Shavetails. O'HARA.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane offers the world's prize non sequitur when he says that Hiram Johnson will be the next President because the people want him. If the people were consulted, we assert without f. of s. c., Herbert Hoover would be elected.

Theatrical Mathematics

Sir: New York City's census returns are in.

In 1917-'18 theater managers predicted that a government war tax of 10 per cent would wreck the industry.

What percentage of those altruistic impresarios now think it will prosper and thrive under a non-government assessment of whatever percentage is required to bring the price of a seat up to $5? PEP.

"Whenever good advertising men get together to discuss good advertising, like they are doing at the Indianapolis Convention," begins an advertisement of the Philadelphia Record. "Like they write copy, too," offers A. B. S.

FROM A WINDOW ON WALL STREET

Downstairs in the street outside my office
There's a Salvation Army girl.
She jingles her tambourine, and smiles;
And people who pass drop careless coins in
Or hurry by.

I've seen that girl before . . .
When I was a kid, out West.
She stood in a street corner crowd
Playing "Break the News to Mother"
On a B-flat cornet . . . off key,
While the rest of them sang a hymn.
There was a sad-faced brother with her
Who beat the bass drum . . . fervently,
And every time he shouted "Hallelujah"
He closed his eyes. . . . He should have been careful
When there was a kid around
Who had a stick with a nail in the end of it . . .
And who needed salvation.

She thinks I'm crazy,
I put a hundred dollar bill in her tambourine to-day. H. P. S.

Prof. Broun, who got into the convention hall on the forged signature of Boies Penrose, doesn't like the bromidic side of Hiram Johnson; and we are with him there. Senator Johnson uses the easy, rubber-stamp phrase; usually it indicates mental unalertness. To us Johnson seems like a fifth-rate Roosevelt.

Readers of this department will be glad to learn that they are getting a costlier product now. The printers have been granted $11.50 a week additional.

If you must have metaphors, the dark horses rallied to the keynote.

Permanent Roll of Convention Read.—Evening Post headline.

Now for the Permanent Wave of Applause. P. P. A.

OH, NOT AT ALL, NOT AT ALL. DON'T MENTION IT

THE G. O. P. RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT AFTER EIGHT YEARS OF SUBSISTENCE ON THE SCRAPS FROM THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY TABLE

Albania Again

By Frank H. Simonds

The announcement that troops of D'Annunzio had been landed at Durazzo served to call attention once more to one of the most astonishing circumstances in a world filled with amazing situations at the present hour. Albania, faithfully bounded, would be described as lying between a quarrel with Serbia on the north and a fight with Greece on the south. It is sub-divided into three domestic disputes, between the Roman Catholic, Mahometan and Greek Catholic tribes, and it is further under the shadow of an Italian mandate, which is as welcome to the Albanians as the British flag is to the Sinn Féin faction of Ireland.

Youngest and Oldest

Until the Paris Conference began to create new countries wholesale, Albania held the doubtful distinction of being the youngest of European states, inhabited, it may be added, by what is probably the oldest European race. It was created in 1912-'13, to avoid a general European war. The pious purpose was achieved for a moment; then the war came and Albania was forgotten. Europe laughed for an hour over the exploits of the Austrian princeling, William of Wied, who by title ruled and in fact did not even reign, but thereafter Europe stopped laughing for a long time.

In 1912 the first Balkan war resulted in the overthrow of Turkey in Europe, and the Albanians, having been the particular pets of Abdul Hamid, who allowed them comparative freedom and drew from them some of his best troops, found themselves suddenly faced with the prospect of partition between the Greeks and the Serbs. By a secret treaty signed before the attack on Turkey, Greece was to have the southern half of the Skumbi River, Serbia the northern, including Durazzo and Scutari, which would give the Serbs an outlet on the sea.

But at this moment Europe intervened. Austria and Italy both looked forward to the occupation of all of Albania, since the possession of Valona carried with it the control of the Straits of Otranto and thus of the Adriatic. But while they were rivals, both were agreed in opposing the acquisition of Albania by two Balkan states. The dispute was carried to London, where Sir Edward Grey presided at a conclave which devoted many weeks to deciding whether Ipek and Jacova should be Albanian or Montenegrin, and ended by giving them to the Slavs, although the population was purely Albanian.

A Compromise State

Russia supported the Serb claim, but neither Russia nor Germany was ready for the general war, and in the end there was a compromise which created an Albanian state, deprived the Greeks of their claims in Northern Epirus, took Scutari from the Serbs and Montenegrins and erected a state, which was no more than a geographical expression. William of Wied, named as prince, exercised no real authority, and Albania continued, as it has been for centuries, outside the European system, a land of picturesque mountaineers, with strangely overdeveloped ideas as to homicide and hospitality.

The next year after Albania was created to avoid a world war, that war came and Albania disappeared from mind. The Serbs retreated across it to Durazzo, after their defeats of 1915. The Austrians came south after them. The Italians, when they began to take a hand, occupied Valona, and presently there was an Albanian front extending from Valona to Koritza. Then the Austrians and Bulgarians collapsed and the Allied armies pushed north again and Albania had relapsed into its secular condition of blissful anarchy.

The Best Shots in the World

But once more the old claims began to be urged. The Greeks, no longer insisting upon half of Albania, asked only the Hellenic regions, including the towns of Argyrocastro and Koritza, The Italians stayed in Valona and continued to oppose Greek claims. Serbia, with whom Montenegro had now united, reasserted claims to Scutari and the Lower Drina. Italy proposed that Scutari should take the place of Fiume in Slav calculations. Britain and France assented, but President Wilson interposed a veto. Meantime, Italy began to reopen the old question of an Albanian protectorate, this time disguised under the euphemism of a mandate.

As for the Albanians, they continued to shoot the Italians, whenever a good target appeared; they opposed Greek claims in the South and they met Serb claims to Scutari with their own demands for Prisrend, Ipek and Jacova and the tribal lands down at London, demands which were well grounded upon the fourteen points and locally championed by some of the best shots in the world. A little war, too insignificant to claim attention, has been going on between Slav and Skypiter for something like two years, while the blood feud between the Italians and the Albanians has gained in intensity with each succeeding week.

Like all Balkan and, indeed, Middle European problems, the Albanian question has many solutions. There is the Albanian, which no one now advocates; that is, the creation of a real Albanian state, its frontiers extended to take in certain old Serbian lands and maintained against Serb and Greek alike, with the Italian totally excluded. Then there is the Italian solution, which makes Albania as big as possible, but only to be an Italian protectorate or mandate. There is the Serb proposal, lately favored by Britain and France and tolerated by Italy, which would exchange Scutari for Fiume.

A Hunting Ground

These and many other proposals exist, but there is lacking any real power to enforce them. Presently the Greek may obtain Epirus complete, the Serb may come to Scutari, certainly the Italian will stay in Valona, but despite all three the Albanian remains unconquered; he will defend his rocks as long as possible. Now that Montenegro has disappeared in Greater Serbia, itself a part of Jugo-Slavia, Albania remains the last Puritania in Europe, without railroads, telegraphs, most of its roads a survival of the Roman era.

As for d'Annunzio's landing at Durazzo, he will not get far beyond the coast. William of Wied hung on at this town for a certain time, the Serbs visited it in 1912 and again in 1915. Sometime Europe may become a concert again and then the Albanian question may get settled, but to-day it is the hunting ground of three other races, and the only aspect of the problem which appeals to no one is the Albanian. Even the Armenians have a better press.

Misnamed

(From The Philadelphia Public Ledger)

The trouble with labor these days is that it so often doesn't.

The Turk's Estimate

How It Contrasts with the Facts of Armenia

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I once heard the distinguished and quite adorable Bishop Whipple tell that when on one of his beautiful missions to a remote Indian tribe he asked the chief if it was safe to leave his belongings unprotected in the tent.

"Perfectly safe," the Indian said. "There isn't a white man within twenty miles."

I feel that I should humbly ask pardon of the Bishop's memory for being reminded of this incident by your correspondent of this morning—the one who accepts a Turk's estimate of an Armenian's or any one's morality.

If the Armenians excelled in Christian virtues they would certainly be fit for wholesale canonization, after the horrible atrocities to which they have been subjected by the unspeakable Turk year in and year out. They have also witnessed and suffered from the selfish supineness of the Christian nations in regard to Turkey's cruel murders and outrages, too dreadful to print. Retelling their acts, well proved as any facts of history, or of yesterday's local news, seems void of impression on certain minds as long as committed by "the honest," "brave," "tolerant," "kind-hearted Turk," as your correspondent estimates him.

The Christianity of Armenia need be no mystery. The country was Christianized by Gregory, "the Illuminator," early in the fourth century, but traces of Christianity are found in the first century. They accepted modified forms of the creeds of the Greek Church. They have a primate, patriarchs and bishops. Some of their liturgy and prayers have been translated into many languages. After the fifteenth century numbers of Armenians joined the Roman Catholic Church as "the United Armenians."

No nation has ever borne persecution and martyrdom with braver heroism than Armenia; for its heroic adherence to Christianity it deserves all praise and appreciation. The attitude of all the so-called Christian nations, unhappily including our own, is a source of wonder and shame and regret. At the end of the Crimean War—that war out of which shines but one gleam of light—Florence Nightingale's lamp—the Ottoman Empire was granted by "the powers" a new lease of life, after the Ottomans had given their pledges at the "peace of Paris" to institute reforms and treat Armenia and other weaker nations with justice. These pledges, as usual, were all broken. Bismarck and Prussia upheld Turkey to the discredit of civilization.

B. B.

New York, June 3, 1920.

The Dull, Kind Turk

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In your issue of June 3 Mr. Robert W. Leonard characterises the Turk as brave, honest and industrious, and rather dull and kind hearted. He also goes on to question the Christianity of the Armenians because the majority of them do not belong to the Greek or Roman Church.

Now, the meaning of Christian is to relate to or derive from Christ or His doctrine, or manifest the spirit of Christ or His teachings. The Armenians have upheld those principles and have died for those convictions. The penalty paid by the Armenians for those convictions was one million people.

As for the Turk, he slaughters one million with a dull and kind heart. Had they not been so lenient they would have obviously slaughtered the whole world.

MARK J. SHAHINIAN.

West Hoboken, N. J., June 4, 1920.